

men;—but tell me if thou canst, how this gospel can be truly preached without showing the slaves that they are injured, and without making a man of thy sentiments feel as if he were encouraged in rebellion."

This led to a long argument maintained in the most friendly spirit. At parting, the slaveholder cordially shook hands with the Quaker, and begged him to come again. His visits were renewed, and six months after, the Virginian emancipated all his slaves.

COMMUNICATIONS.

PAINEVILLE, April 3, 1847.

FRIENDS EDITORS—

The Lake Co. Liberty party convention was held at Painesville, on the 18th & 19th of March; and the quarterly meeting of the Lake Co. Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society on the 1st day of April. At the convention, George Bradburn, "the big gun" of the party, and Judge King, of Warren, were present. In the afternoon of the 1st day, when Mr. Bradburn was speaking of the duty of Churches and Ministers, in his peculiar style, many eyes were turned to Mr. Gillett, the Presbyterian Minister of this place; and whether he felt the lash a little too keenly or not, he was not seen in the convention again. How foolish, as well as wicked, it is for people to avoid Anti-Slavery meetings lest they should see or hear something conflicting with their stereotyped notions!

At the close of Mr. B.'s remarks, he gave notice that he was requested to speak that evening on the Constitution. I enquired if there would be any opportunity to reply.—He said "yes, you may have all night to speak if the people will stay and hear you, and I will stay." This answer made an unfavorable impression on my mind towards him as a gentleman of candor and courtesy, which the discussion afterwards did not erase; though at the close of that meeting, he said if we had not time to reply that night, we might have time the next day, and they offered free discussion through the meeting. I think the ridiculous force of the Mass. Liberty Party Convention last winter with S. S. Foster, will be a caution to the party for some time. Judge King made a few remarks, and convention adjourned till evening. The evening meeting was addressed by Mr. Bradburn upon the Constitution. He began by charging a few ultra abolitionists and southern slaveholders with maintaining that the Constitution is pro-slavery. He followed Spooner closely in his argument, but turning aside occasionally, to give the Dissenters a thrust; among other things, he said he would advise them to be scarce, and as soon as their legs grew long enough, to run away out of the country—and if they had not money enough to bear their expenses, to borrow a jack-knife and cut their own throats, as he had told one of them who told him before that he had rather die a hundred deaths, than to stay here and support this corrupt government. He charged us with lugging in the old Madison papers to prove what the Constitution was, and then quoted from them himself! He endeavored to identify us with the non-resistance, evidently in order to enlist the popular prejudice against our positions.

The next forenoon I was invited by the President, Gen. J. H. Paine, to reply. I spent, say two hours or more, before and after dinner, in reply. Col. L. G. Storer, of this place, had previously engaged the floor at half past two. He spoke, say a half an hour, and professed to be with the convention not only in heart, but in "political action." Mr. B. spoke the remainder of the afternoon in reply to my remarks. In the evening he spoke of the relative merits of the three parties, in which he had full use for all the shrewdness, sarcasm, and ridicule, with which he is so liberally furnished. I heard nothing of their party pledge. I was disappointed in Mr. B. as an honorable debater. But if he thinks he met my arguments fairly, I will make this proposal: to discuss the Constitution with him to his heart's content, provided the Cleveland American, or Bugle, will open their columns for a short article, weekly, and my life and health should be spared. Mr. Bradburn was announced as the speaker of the Lake Co. Ladies' A. S. Society, but was not there. Mr. Wilcox, of Unionville, Mr. Olds and Mr. Chamberlain, of Madison, and Mr. Keop, all Congregational Ministers, and Mr. Clapp, of Mentor, a Disciple preacher, were there. The three first spoke in the afternoon, and the last in the evening. Mr. Olds, in speaking of the Mexican war, denounced all war as utterly inconsistent with Christianity. Mr. Clapp takes the same ground, as do all the Disciple preachers I have heard lately. How astonishing it is that so many professed followers of the Prince of Peace should sustain war and slavery!

In the afternoon the secretary read some resolutions passed by the Society, one of which spoke of the responsibilities and duties of Ministers, in refusing to warn the people in reference to the Mexican war.—While a number were present from abroad, not one of the Ministers of Painesville attended. Mr. Wilcox, in speaking of the above resolution, said that any man that was fit to preach, was "called of God," and would preach the whole Gospel." In the evening Mr. Clapp, in a very happy manner, exposed the delusion, folly, and pernicious tendency of the doctrine of a "special call" to preach at the present day the six hundred and forty different Protestant forms of religion.

He illustrated in a lucid manner the slavery of the clergy of the popular sects, to their stereotyped creeds and usages, and in return, the slavery of the churches to the preaching of their ministers. I forgot to mention that Mrs. Chase read a short but interesting address, interspersed with extemporaneous remarks, relating her own experience at the South.

Sincerely yours for the right and the true,
SILAS PEPOON.

To my Wesleyan Brethren, and others:

DEAR BRETHREN, I, about three years and a half ago, seceded from the Methodist Episcopal Church. I felt called upon by the pleadings of humanity, and my duty to God, to dissolve the relation I sustained to that church,—to that church which disregarded the crying blood of three millions of my race; that could unmove look upon the parting of the frantic Mother, from her own dear child never more to meet; say, that could do the deed *heresy* with impunity. When I left the M. E. Church, I left many friends, I sacrificed the reputation, and good standing that I had gained among that people; I also subjected myself to many hard sayings, and reproaches from those who had been my friends. I indeed endured great affliction, and sorrow. But in view of all that befell me, I can in truth say, I have never regretted leaving the church of my early choice, and the people with whom I united in my boyhood days. No, I have never regretted the moment when I took that *eventful, important, and God-ordained step*, which separated me from my disorderly walking—my *slaveholding brethren*.

At the time I left the M. E. Church, I united with the Wesleyan Methodist Church; to be one with them in name, in labor, in persecution, and in martyrdom, if need be, for the truth—for the slave. At the first session of the Allegheny Conference, I was appointed to Bakerstown Circuit as a traveling Wesleyan preacher, in which capacity I have served the church ever since—about three years and a half in all—two years and a half of that time I travelled as an Evangelist. I have mingled with the brethren of fourteen circuits, and labored shoulder to shoulder, with about thirty preachers of the Allegheny Conference—have seen much good done, and many made to rejoice in the truth. But the time has come for me to dissolve my relation to the Wesleyan Church, again to sacrifice friends, and perhaps again to subject myself to reproaches.

I assuredly felt pain of heart when I left the M. E. Church—but I feel much more in leaving the W. M. C. When I think of the many warm-hearted friends, I have in Bridgeport, West Middletown, Lehigh, Deerfield, Woodfield, and a number of other circuits—of the labors we have performed together for the truth, and of the persecutions we have endured; how we have labored and loved; when I think of all these things, my soul is tried, my heart is pained within me. Aye, I grieve in spirit at the severing of that tie, that hath bound me to many honest hearts, to many noble spirits in the Wesleyan Church; and were it not for the truth, for the right, for the sake of the cause of God and man, I should have remained in the church, in the embrace and solace of friends, in peace. I shall not give all my reasons for leaving the church at this time. It is enough to say, that I have embraced *modern infidelity*, i. e. that I should be separate—"touch not, taste not, handle not,"—that I should love my neighbor as myself, that I should give all my influence to bind up the bleeding heart of humanity—to lift up my degraded colored *Brother*, and to redeem, and emancipate all my race from error and crime. I think it too late in the day for reformers to give willing support to a slaveholding, law-making and neck-breaking Government. I think it too, very inconsistent for reformers to invite to their fellowship and communion, members of the most corrupt associations of the country. Both these shameful things apply to the Wesleyans as a whole, as a sect, the former by voting with Whigs, Democrats, and Liberty Party, (but chiefly by voting with the last named)—the latter by inviting to their communion members of slaveholding, slave-selling, and slave-killing companies; with but this pre-requisite, professing to be "with us in sentiment on the great principles of our reform," (i. e. to say they are abolitionists). These things, with many others that I might name, (as objections to the Wesleyan Church,) have trammelled me for months. But I close by saying, I have inscribed *Excelsior* on my banner, and must ascend—I must go forward, promising to labor more ardently to advance all the good principles that the Wesleyans have adopted, with all others that will hasten the emancipation of mankind—the redemption of the world.

I shall ever cherish the names of many of my brethren in my memory, and in the affections of my heart they will ever have a home. I do not feel in leaving the church, that myself and my brethren should love each other no more. I hope stronger ties than those merely ecclesiastical, knit our hearts together—and that we will unitedly labor (so far as we can) in spreading over the world the Gospel of "peace and good will to all men." In my future course I design to know no interest but those of mankind—to make my country the wild world—my countrymen all mankind. I intend to do right, trusting

in that power that sustains the universe, and in that goodness that feeds the young ravens when they cry. Follow me not with reproaches. Adieu.

N. N. SELBY.

SOUTHINGTON, April 4, 1847.

FRIENDS EDITORS:

Some kind friend has sent me the Report of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, for which I feel grateful, but regret that the reporting committee did not reveal to the Baptist denomination their guilt, in upholding that great system of American wickedness—Slavery. I regret it, because there are so many honest-hearted Baptists who would withdraw their support, when convinced that they are lending their influence to sustain woman-whipping, woman-stealing, and sister-selling. I believe if they had more light they would cease to force their sisters in Christ into concubinage; they would refuse to act thus either politically or ecclesiastically. I am far from believing that all the Baptists would take this course, for there have been in all ages of the world men who have entered the Priest's office for a morsel of bread, whose dark and damning deeds have cursed the church and the world. I think my friends Gaskill, Swain, and others of your place, can testify that I speak the truth and lie not, when I say, *good men are held in loving fellowship by many of the Baptist Churches in our very midst*. These men and their supporters, but their pulpits and meeting-houses against the truth, and close their window-blinds lest light should beam upon the minds they have, in defiance of Heaven, so long kept in darkness. Do not these men hurt from the Church all consistent abolitionists who reprove them for wickedness, with that speed which God did the sinning angels from heaven! Their lying lips are ever busy to make the brethren believe we are infidels, and they succeed too well in many instances; but if the above be true, are they not infidels of the most *Ton* Painful stamp!

I said the Baptist Churches want more light. Look at the darkness in which they grope.

After the Southern Baptists had seceded from the North, (not the North from the South, for they never did) the Missionary Union was formed, to manage the Missionary concerns of the Northern churches. After this new organization, the Trumbull Association passed the following resolution: I have no doubt of the sincerity of the brethren at the time.

Resolved, That we rejoice that the time has come when we can separate our contributions to the Missions, from the price of blood; and have in our doings no connection with the unholy institution of slavery.

"Separate our contributions from the price of blood!" Which of the ministers has told the Churches that the door of the Union is open wide for the admission of any and every slaveholder who can trample upon the institution of marriage, if he will but pay his \$1,000! Who has informed the Churches that slaveholders have paid their dollars and are now members of the Union! What clergyman has related the startling fact that thousands of dollars (the price of blood) have been paid into the treasury of the union! Did any Baptist minister sound the alarm when the union appointed a slaveholder a Missionary! Do the churches know that the union has given into the hands of the slave driver one of her Missionaries!

Who has informed the Baptists that some of the Mission stations, by the request of the union, have gone into the hands of the polluters of their sisters! If there is any truth in the following sentence, these dumb dogs will have a fearful account to give in the day of reckoning. "But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet and the people be not warned, if the sword come and take away persons from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand."

The attention of the people is diverted from the horrors at home by presenting the blessings which attend their labors abroad.

We are told that 40,000 have been converted in 40 years on heathen ground, but we are not told that 70,000 are annually heathenized at home. I am happy to learn that some of the Baptist Churches are opening their eyes. The Church in Concord, Lake Co., has taken a consistent stand, so far as ecclesiastical connection is concerned, and when they dissolve their political connection with this slaveholding government, they will be clean from the blood of the slave.

With regard to the Baptist Church in this place, I think we are free from the slave's blood.

CALEB GREENE.

WHAT THEY DRINK.—The Phila. Public Ledger says: The wine drinkers are probably not aware of the number of poisons that they swallow when indulging. Here is an alarming catalogue of them, and a gentleman in Washington offers a reward of ten dollars a gallon to the vendors of wine who will prove by chemical tests that wine is free from any of the articles herein mentioned.

Sugar of lead, logwood, green vitriol, rapeseed, opium, tobacco, alum, essential oils, bitter oranges, oil of bitter oranges, oil of bitter almonds, India berries, pokeberries, elder berries, Guinea pepper, Brazil wood, gum benzoin, burnt sugar, brandy, Laurel water, lamb's blood, dragon's blood, red Sanders, oil of tartar, cocculus indicus, poison hemlock, nut vomica, oil of vitriol, Prussic acid, hemlock, &c., or any other foreign admixture.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, APRIL 16, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

S. Pepon's Letter—George Bradburn—the governors and the governed.

George Bradburn, when arguing that the Constitution is anti-slavery, by charging a few ultra abolitionists and Southern slaveholders with maintaining that it is pro-slavery, thus implying that with the exception of these few persons the masses believe it to be what he claims it to be, reached the acme of the ridiculous; and this too was done in the face of an intelligent community, when he, if he has any share of common sense left him for his guidance, as well as every other enlightened sane person well knows that it is only a small clique of northern slaveholders, who seeing that the rising wave of indignation and abhorrence will sooner or later overwhelm all aiders and abettors in this most infamous of all mean infamous and black crimes, that of slaveholding, and who wish to shield themselves from that storm of indignation, together with a few others whom they have hood-winked and blinded that take this position—a small clique, who, to subvert their own purposes, are willing to be part and parcel of a gang of slaveholders, and at the same time would prefer to escape from the odium of such mean and inglorious associations, and as members of that association their purpose is to build up a political party by operating upon the increasing anti-slavery sentiment of the country; and they well know that they cannot get the aid and votes of the honest minded abolitionist, without persuading him that the Constitution is anti-slavery—therefore it is not a pro-slavery act to swear to support it, and that they may innocently through their agents (the officers they elect) support it, hence they may vote for Liberty party candidates without a compromise of principle. The plan is at all events to get up a party, and the demagogues in that party are unscrupulous in regard to the means they employ to effect this object. Men begin to understand that it is their highest interests to do right, because to do right confers the greatest amount of happiness, and that it is their best interest to be happy.—Some are willing to do right let the consequences be what they may to themselves, and we wish all were sufficiently unselfish as to do this, but they are not; but such as are not thus unselfish, naturally enough seek their true interests when they understand what they are. Hence these pests, these nuisances, the political demagogues, have succeeded but in their designs by deceiving the people as to what and wherein their true interests consist, and the more specious their pretensions the better has been their success. This game has ever been played with the people; neither Whig, Democrat, or Third party demagogues understand any other that holds out to them any prospect of success; hence we see

"Old politicians chew on wisdom past And tatter on in business to the last As weak and poorly and as slowly out As sober Langslow tottering with the gout."

Third party plays the same game, pursues the same path, and appreciates nothing higher or holier than this game of political deception; therefore to prevent the abolitionist from feeling that he involves himself in the guilt of slaveholding by swearing his agent to support the Constitution, they tell him it is anti-slavery; and now, forsooth, he is to be told by George Bradburn that a few ultra abolitionists and southern slaveholders take the opposite ground. Let such do what they will, still every one who is blest with some moderate share of moral sense, understands that it is wrong for him to do wrong, and that under any pretence for him to aid in holding slaves either directly by his own act or indirectly through his agent, is a great moral wrong, and that moral sense will make his better feelings recoil from him who would by any specious pretence or special pleading seek to render accessory or implicate an other in the guilt of slaveholding.

But Mr. Bradburn throws out an idea that proves a stumbling block to many. It is that those men who are admitted to the exercise of the elective franchise, and who actually do govern the people of this country by force or compulsion through the instrumentality of their agents chosen at the ballot-box, cannot cease to govern by this system of force or compulsion; in other words, to resign the post of governor without leaving the country in which they live. The moral sense of the people of this country is without doubt more blunted in reference to the wrongs they themselves do in governing than on any other question whatever, but still their intellects are generally clear enough to enable them to see what it is they may be engaged in doing, whether they do or do not understand what they are doing to be right or wrong. Some, however, will blame the President for what he does, when he is only fulfilling the obligations they themselves imposed upon him when they compelled him

to take an oath to support the Constitution of the U. S. before they would permit him to enter upon the duties of the office, and receive its rewards and emoluments; and when the guilt rests upon themselves as principals, and the President being only their hired agent with the strong inducements they offered him in the shape of \$25,000 per year, and acting under the influence of these strong inducements is less guilty than themselves who led him into temptation by holding out these strong inducements to commit crime. They employ the President to perform every act which the Constitution and the laws of the U. S. require of a President to do, and it does not lessen their own guilt to herate their poor tool, the President, for doing that which they have hired him to do.—In the same way some blame Gov. Bartley, their poor weak agent in crime, when he received but poor pay and the little honor which they award to a governor for collecting together a band of hired assassins to kill by the wholesale, for even poorer pay than Bartley himself received, when the fact is Bartley merely acted as their agent, and in accordance with the oath they required him to take before they would even agree to pay him one red cent for his services.

Again: we sometimes hear some of the Quakers who go to the polls and vote exclaiming against the Sheriff for putting a rope around men's necks and choking them to death, when he was only the hired assassin, they themselves having employed him.—These Quakers first induced the man to enter upon the duties of the office of Sheriff by holding out as a temptation the fees he would receive in that situation, and would not consent that he should perform any part of the duties of a Sheriff's office, and be paid for what work he did perform, unless he would agree to perform all of the duties; this work of assassination being one of the duties required of him. And, forsooth, after thus hiring the man to become a criminal, compelling him to take a solemn oath that he would commit the crime before they would pay him any part of the price, they turn round and blame him instead of themselves! This is beautiful consistency is it not! and yet these Quakers and others who commit these enormities, actually try to persuade some of us that they do not see how they have anything to do, with hanging this man, when they know as well as they know that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, that the Sheriff is only their agent performing the work they bid him to do under a promise or oath which they extorted from him before they would permit him to act at all as their agent or receive one cent for his agency.

The voters in this country govern it by force or compulsion, and any one or all of these can cease from governing without leaving the country, merely by refusing to exercise any of the powers of governor.

The Emperor Nicholas is the Governor of Russia. Many millions acknowledge his sway—he maintains his government by many different means; these I will not stop to discuss. But his principle means of governing are, by hiring both agents and large bands of soldiers, and assigning to these agents specific duties. Now will any one deny that the Emperor Nicholas can resign the government of the country, that is, cease to govern, and escape from the guilt incurred by him in his present position, without leaving the country where he lives? Certainly no one is so weak and foolish as to deny this.

But if Nicholas was to associate another with himself, and they two were to govern the inhabitants of Russia, they two would be the actual governors of the country, would they not! and could not either or both of these individuals resign and cease to govern without leaving the country where they live? Certainly they could. Or, if he was to associate with himself 499 persons, then there would be 500 governors of Russia: but do you dispute that any or all of these could cease governing without leaving the country? Again, Nicholas governs all who are not willingly subject to his will by compulsion. I wish to ask upon whom does the responsibility of his thus governing rest? Upon him who uses this compulsion, or upon him who is the subject of it? Upon him who uses this force or upon him upon whom the force is used? You will answer upon him who uses the force. Then is not the Emperor Nicholas responsible far what he does as governor of Russia, and are not those who do not assent to his government, but are compelled by a superior power to submit to it, free from that responsibility and innocent of his crimes? Certainly they are. One other position, and we will make an application of this illustration to this country.—Wherever a government of force is instituted, there is, and must necessarily be, two classes—the governors and the governed. The governors employ force and make use of compulsion—the governed are compelled to submit to their authority, and if a part of the object of that government be to do wrong, then no one can innocently become one of the governors, because whatever good he might do, as a governor a part of his object is to do wrong, and he involves himself in guilt.

Well, to the application. In the U. S. there are two classes, the governors and the governed, and the last are differently circumstanced and differently governed—some are enslaved; some, like the women and children who are not enslaved, are compelled to submit to the decisions of the governors.—

Some men are not permitted to govern, but are compelled to submit to the rule of the governors. Others do not choose to govern, but they are also forced to submit. Now who are the governors? Why they are those who having the privilege of governing, exercise it and in exercising it, select their agents at the ballot-box, assigning to each of these his respective duties, requiring an oath from each that he will faithfully perform certain prescribed duties, and by means of these agents that part of the people who govern, carry on all the machinery of government; build ships of war, manufacture muskets and swords, hire soldiers, establish jails and prisons, &c., awe the slave into submission, or if he refuses to submit, they march up a file of those hired soldiers and shoot him through. Now, reader, who are the governors of this country? You cannot answer that question but by saying, the voters of the country.

Well, it is a part of the object of the government to do wrong. Yes, you must acknowledge that it is, notwithstanding you are told that the Constitution is anti-slavery.—You well know that a part of its object is to do wrong, and hence you cannot innocently engage in governing. But if the Emperor Nicholas can resign and cease to govern without leaving the country, cannot you also cease to govern without leaving the country? and if those whom the Emperor Nicholas governs by compulsion are innocent of the crimes he commits in governing them by compulsion or force, so you will in this country, though governed by a superior force, be innocent of the crimes these commit who govern you in common with the slave and with all others who do not consent to this exercise of authority.—

The Water-Cure Treatment.

We most heartily rejoice at the progress that the reform in the manner of treating the sick is making. As the public mind becomes more and more enlightened on this subject, it becomes more and more interested. Water-Cure Infirmarys are springing up in various quarters, and the most encouraging and happy results ensue from the application of Water in the treatment of disease.

Dr. J. D. Cope, of this place, enlarged his establishment last fall. This spring he again builds an addition to his Infirmary. The Doctor's treatment of patients is attended with the most encouraging results; and the system upon which he practises is commending itself even to the vendors of quack medicines. We cannot here give the reader a detailed account of the numerous cures effected at his Infirmary; but will give some idea of the way the water treatment works.

One individual comes to the Infirmary from the far West, with an ague of eight months standing, which, without the use of any nauseating, sickening medicines, yields to the water treatment in a few days, and in less than two weeks he is seen with a complexion glowing with ruddy health. Another recovers from the effects of a dislocation in an incredibly short time. Others are quickly cured of bilious or congestive fevers. The scarlet fever yields so readily to the treatment that it would seem as though children need neither die nor suffer much with that disease, which has heretofore proved so fatal to the young.

But a short time since, a manufacturer and vendor of patent medicines, who will sell a box of cure-all pills for 75 cents, to be used in trifling with the health of other people's children, called on Dr. Cope to apply the water treatment to his own sick children!—

In pulmonary affections, too, this treatment is very efficacious, as we can testify from practical experience.

Most sincerely do we hope and trust that the old, barbarous and life-destroying system of drugging, bleeding and blistering, may be exploded, and the healthy, pleasant, invigorating and renovating water treatment take its place.—

Springtime.

Hoary Winter reluctantly retires, but young Spring, with the newness of youth, comes tripping along in his robes of green, accompanied by the songs of birds, the hum of insects, and the fragrance of flowers. Grim winter, as he retreats, casts back scowling glances, and, though deprived of his empire and compelled to be on the move, he has occasionally revisited us of late, to hush the songs of the birds, and make us gather again around the pleasant fireside; but still he is on the move and Spring advances. The soft air now touches our cheeks, and the earth is putting on her green mantle, and the birds, the blithe, the gleeful singing birds, are again with us, making the air vocal with their sweet music. Soon our paths will be strewn with flowers, the trees will have on their foliage and Nature, on every hand, will present to the loving eye soul-inspiring beauties. But when will springtime come to the slave! When will the winter of his soul terminate? Not that winter with its cheerful friends, with its fond circle of friends and relatives, connected with the thousand pleasant associations which cluster around it, for he knows not such an one.—But when will that winter of the soul which is to him like an unquenching night, with no star, no warning—when will it end? We ask you when shall this give place to a glorious springtime for the slave? We ask you, brother—we ask you, sister, for it is for you to say, when this winter shall end and springtime come to those who are now pining in bondage.—

POETRY.

Labor.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come
O'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus
Unintermitting, goes up to Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Nay, the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose heart keeps
growing.
Till from its nourishing stem it is given.
"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ring-
ing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great
heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life giving
shower;
From the rough clod blows the soft breathing
flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower:
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his
part.
Labor is life!—Till the mill water falters;
Idleness over depletes, bewails;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust as-
sailed;
Flowers drop and die in the stillness of
noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Life hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep
them in tune!
Labor is rest!—from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that hourly entreat
us,
Rest from world-sorrows that lure us to ill,
Work—and pure slumber shall wait on thy
pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming
billow;
Lie no down wearied head! Wo's weeping
willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!
Drop not the shame, sin and anguish are
round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath
bound thee!
Look to yon pure Heaven smiling beyond
thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work, for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! All labor is noble and holy!
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy
God!

From the London Inquirer.

"Let's Make it Up."

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

Homely words may we deem them—the sea-
son has flown
When we heard them from others, or made
them our own;
Yet, would that their spirit of sweetness and
truth
Could come to our ears as it came in our
youth;
Oh! would that we uttered as freely as then,
"Let's make it up, brother, smile kindly
again.
Let's make it up."
Let us make it up, brother; Oh, when we
were young
No pride stayed the words ere they fell from
the tongue;
No storms of dissension, no passions that
strove,
Could banish forever the peace-making dove.
If 'twas frightened awhile from its haven of
rest,
It returned at the sound that would please it
the best—
"Let's make it up."
Let us make it up, brother; Oh, let us for-
get
How it is that so coldly of late we have met;
Where the faintest word be resting we'll stay
not to tell—
Its course on the spirits of both of us fell;
So take my hand firmly, and grasp as of yore,
Let heart whisper to heart as they whispered
before—
"Let's make it up."

Coleridge pronounced the following sonnet
on Night, by the late Rev. J. Blanks White,
the finest and most grandly conceived in our
language:

"Mysterious Night! when our first parent
knew
Thee, from report Divine, and heard thy
name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame—
This glorious canopy of light and blue!
Yet 'neath a current of translucent dew
Bathed in the rays of the great setting
flame,
Heperched with the hosts of Heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness
by concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could
find,
Whither thy, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us
blind!
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious
strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life!"

Sanzas.

BY THE LATE THOMAS MOOD.

Farewell! Life! my senses swim;
And the world is growing dim;
Through shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Cold, colder, colder still,
Upward scale a vapor chill;
Strong the earthly odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!
Welcome! Life! the Spirit strives;
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn,
Fly like shadows at the morn—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sultry gloom.
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ADDRESS.

Delivered by Pennock Parry, (a student from
Hartford, Conn.,) on the evening of the
close of the Winter Session of Marlboro Sen-
ioury, on behalf of the Students—published
by their request.

It is unnecessary for me to go into the usual
formula in speech-making of protesting my
inability to do justice to the occasion—apolo-
gizing for the attempt—regretting that a more
competent person was not selected—my want
of preparation, &c. Suffice it that I have
rather trusted to the truth of the old adage,
"Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth
speaketh." The time draws rapidly near
when cumbrous and empty forms will be
burst over by the out-swelling and up-heav-
ing of the strong and determined spirit of hu-
manity, yearning upward and onward from
beneath her grievous load; a time when to
possess a thought—to feel—will be a thor-
ough reason or apology for a full and free ut-
terance of soul. I have no other apology to
make, and desire none.

I am confident I speak to some extent the
feelings of my school-companions, when I
say that the present occasion is a melancholy
one—an occasion which is suggestive of wide
world-embracing thoughts, and of feelings of
mingled pleasure and regret. To me it is so
for several reasons. Independent of the all-
important object for which we have been as-
sociated together, there is something in our
familiar daily intercourse, in making ourselves
companions for each other in all our trials
and pleasures, through evil and through good
report, that has knit us together with more
than ordinary ties.

Commonplace and unimportant as it may
appear, I conceive this occasion, from the ve-
ry fact of its worldly unpretentiousness, to be
fraught with the germs of more fertile and
important results than is commonly imagined.
Drawn together in the pursuit of the same
immediate object, here have we been toiling
lustily away in the chase; at times lagging
wearily behind, and again, fired and embold-
ened, dashing away in the pursuit. And now
here we stand on the beach, as it were, about
to push out on the voyage of Life. A veil
hangs over the future and hides it in profound
mystery. No far-seeing or penetrating eye
can for an instant so disturb the veil as even
to catch the merest glimmering of that which
is to come. We who this night look upon
the bright faces of our friends and school-
mates, know not but it may be the last time.
We know not what storms and perils await
us on the troubled Sea of Life. We know
not on which rock we may be dashed, or on
which trackless deep we may founder. We
know not but that ere the haven is reached,
we may pass away and rest beneath the land
or the water. How fitting, then, that we
should meet together in all frankness and in
good faith, and give freely of our counsel and
kindly words and well-wishes for a happy
and prosperous voyage! Now that we are
about to go forth broad-cast over the land,
each to pursue the path that may seem to him
meet, it is interesting to reflect how each may
become fashioned by the circumstances in
which he is thrown; how he may cast his in-
fluence about him. 'Tis indeed a fruitful
theme to contemplate what may be the sphere
of each—whether he or she may contribute
to shed light and gladness, or sink to dark-
ness and despair—on which side of Human-
ity's scale each may cast his mite, to cause it
to rise or to sink—whether each may lighten
or increase the burden to be borne.

To me there is nothing more true or beau-
tiful than the great idea of the oneness and
harmony of human interests. To regard an
injury done to the poorest and meanest as an
injury done to the whole, and the happiness
of one as so much towards the happiness of
the race. It is a silken chord that runs thro'
all society and binds men together in the
golden bands of Love and Sympathy—it is that
which bids us to revere the kindred in the
lowliest of the kind. It is the genial soil in
which the germs of all charity strike root and
grow into vigorous life and reality—the inex-
haustible source on which feed all the ap-
pearances for lifting the fallen from their depths
to walk erect and drink cheerily of the bless-
ings of life. It clothes the Reformer with
might for the contest and disarms the criminal
of his power for evil. What stronger
stimuli is there needed for the laborer in Hu-
manity's cause than the unequivocal certainty
of the fact that in laboring for the happiness
of masses, he labors for his own happiness;
and that a blow aimed at the freedom and
well-being of the lowliest of his fellows is a
stroke at his own welfare. Only show the
man about to commit an outrage upon Soci-
ety that he is aiming a blow at himself, and
the criminal is transformed into a friend of
the race.

I know that men have acted upon the op-
posite principle from this, and in all ages have
sought power and glory by preying upon each
other. I know that they have been cradled
and nourished in the belief of the Divinity of
human butchery, and that their history from
the cradle to the grave, is written in blood.
It matters not that Society were torn to pieces
upon the policy of warring upon and destroy-
ing its members. Men have only to be con-
vinced of the truth of the sublime idea that
our interests are all bound up inseparably and
eternally together—that a wrong done to one,
is wrong to the whole, and that happiness for

one is happiness for the whole; and all wars
and contentions—all measures and appliances
for torturing and punishing human brothers,
vanish as the mist vanishes before the rays of
the morning sun.

I have said let men only be convinced of
the harmony and unity of human interests.
Ah! but in that I conceive lies the whole se-
cret of human redemption and progress. And
here I find myself brought to a consideration
of the vast subject of Education and knowl-
edge. I approach it reluctantly, and with
misgivings as to my ability to get out my
thoughts. Great as are the appreciations of
the importance of education and the disposi-
tions made for its advancement, it seems to
me that the true grandeur of the thing in all
its life-renewing resources, is scarcely yet
conceived. And it must needs be so; for
they only who have climbed partly up can
see to the full height of the mountain. Hu-
man knowledge is the vast original whole, of
which all other subjects are but parts emanat-
ing from the branches of the out-spreading oak
emanate and owe their existence to the life-
giving principle of the mother trunk. It is a
prerogative of man that he inquire involun-
tarily of the causes for the effects he beholds
about him. He is a progressive, climbing
creature. The lap-dandled infant, as its feet
wax in beauty and perfection by the up-
flashes of intelligence, eloquently typifies its
title to be of the species which climbs unceas-
ingly from its groundward sphere in yearn-
ings for communion with the infinite.

The importance of education is not, cannot
be overated. It is the groundwork for hu-
man hopes of salvation—the channel for, and
necessary prelude to all lofty aspirations.—
The limit to human knowledge has never yet
been reached, and who shall say that it ever
shall be reached? They who grovel on sul-
lenly without a desire for knowledge, have
their vision bounded by a narrow boundary,
far within the reach of human enterprise.—
They regard their contracted stage as suffi-
ciently broad, and its boundaries as impene-
trable barriers, never dreaming of the vast
unexplored region and boundless treasures
which lie beyond. This is for those who
have studied, for they only who are compari-
tively learned, know of what there is yet to
be learned. The boy who thought to climb
into the sky by passing to the horizon that
bound his view where earth and sky seemed
to meet, was as near gaining his purpose as
he who thinks to attain the end of knowledge
by reaching as far as he now sees. Like the
boy, he beholds on arriving, that he is no
nearer accomplishing his object than if he
had made no attempt. The grief of Alexan-
der the Great, who, after conquering the world,
wept that there was no more to conquer, was
light compared with the misery of man, who
is deprived of the eternal stimuli which im-
pels him onward and upward to seek after
that which is never attainable—an infinity of
knowledge and perfection. Ah! indeed,
would he then be miserable, could he once
gain the point beyond which there is nothing
to strive after. Then would he have tripped
from under him his very aim and staff of life
—his hold upon existence; and be more
worthless than the helpless vessel cast adrift
upon the ocean, without aim or purpose, to
become the sport of the waves. Surely that
man must be wretched who already fills his
his own ideal of perfection—who sees not be-
yond his present position and desires that
which is just beyond his reach. How true
it is that the more we learn, the more we see
to be learned. He has taken a great step
in the path of knowledge who has learned enough
to know how ignorant he is. How narrow
seems the idea which prescribes a beginning
and an ending of Education—a beginning on
commencing the Common School, and a fin-
ishing at some College graduation; as if we
were not always learning and could ever gain
the end of knowledge. It commences with
the first breath into the world, and closes not
till the last. It begins with the look, the
smile or the frown of the parent, and is car-
ried on in its various successions around the
family fireside. The child drinks in knowl-
edge from a thousand sources by the gradual
unfolding and various phases of the innum-
erable objects about him, long ere he dreams
of school. There is no over-rating the in-
fluence of the family circle. Human weal
and the destiny of nations hang upon its influence
for good or for evil. Human governments
and associations of men are but manifesta-
tions of this same influence—mere weather-
cocks to point in the direction of the current,
as the hands upon the face of a watch point
to the passing hour, depending entirely for
their character upon the workings beneath.
Behold then, how much the well-being of the
human family devolves upon each individual
member. There is no proper appreciation of
the might of one determined, strongly com-
missioned spirit, ordained of the divinity with-
in himself, and keenly alive to the wrongs
and sufferings of his fellows—the might of
one such to the pulling down of the strong
holds of error—the breaking of the yoke of
the oppressed and the rearing in their stead
of the sublime truisms of human love and
brotherhood. Let no one plead his want of
power. Every one can exert his own influ-
ence for the best he conceives and what can
any one do more!

I need scarcely speak of the necessity for
free inquiry in the acquisition of knowledge;
indeed, it is difficult to conceive of the one
without the other; they go together hand in
hand, each depending upon, and like twin

sisters, either drooping and famishing without
the other. Many have been the dreary toilers
up the hill of science, driven in from their
premises and turned back hungering for
their path, by the stern decrees of despotism.
Entire, untrammelled freedom of speech, is
a necessary prerogative of knowledge.—
Where there is any restraint there is just so
much less freedom, rendering the tyranny
the more insufferable by its partial enjoy-
ment—by creating a thirst and forbidding to
slake it. They who talk of restriction for
free speech, know as little of its character as
the poor benighted bores of the mines, with
the flickering light of the candle, know of the
vivid brightness and splendor of the noon-day
sun. Its very essence is Liberty, and at the
first attempt to cramp its bounding, out-bur-
sting nature, it withers and dies. The only
remedy for the evils of free discussion, if
there be such, is free discussion. Is it not?
Can there be a cure in its restriction? Ah,
no! That has been tried for centuries, and
has inflamed instead of curing the evil. This
is its chiefest beauty—if there be a disease,
it carries the remedy with it—it is self-heal-
ing. All other means are worse than useless.
If we may not have entire freedom of speech,
how much may we have! Who shall say
"Thus far shalt thou go, but no further?"
What man or body of men shall assume to
prescribe limits to free speech? A man for-
bids my discussing a topic beyond a prescrib-
ed point. I ask why I am forbidden—he an-
swers, and thereupon commences a debate at
once. The very attempt to crush it involves
a discussion. It pervades our very being—
lives in and about us, and is as necessary to
our existence as the air we breathe. As well
might you attempt to destroy the one as the
other. A dangerous hour is that, when the
first advances are made towards a control over
free speech. It behooves its friends to guard
well the first attempt to establish the prece-
dent in its government. "Let Truth and Er-
ror grapple." Where's the danger? Who
ever knew Truth put to the rout in a fair
fight! Can she be routed? 'Twere dishon-
oring her to mistrust her.

The beauty of the union between free
speech and knowledge has never yet been
conceived. Each acts as the hand-maid of
the other, and either, without the other, is
measurably crippled for good. There is noth-
ing that at once so exalts and humiliates, as
the possession of knowledge in connection
with the unrestricted freedom of speech, and
exalts because it humiliates, for those only are
exalted who are truly humble. Ah, indeed
it is a lovely thing. Not the thing dubbed
freedom, which is loud in its professions of
Liberty when a darling opinion or sect is at
stake, but which, robed in power, demands
the head of the heretic—this is a small thing,
all history is rife with such. But the free-
dom which bids us hold our opinions lightly
that they may be cast off the more readily
when shown to be false—the freedom which
bids us come together as human brethren, to
"examine all things and hold fast to that
which is good." This is the great thing, and
those who become fired with its beauty and
aspire to walk in its path, behold that it is
even greater than they had conceived.

I have spoken of the tendency to inspire
humility in the possession of knowledge and
free speech. It is true that a man may be
learned in a manner, and yet be arrogant and
presumptuous. But this is when he wraps
himself in his dignity, forbids contradiction,
and shuts out all knowledge of his own lit-
tleness. Such a man strikes down free
speech, and makes a slave of himself by pre-
cluding the right to change his opinions. It
has been well said that the difference be-
tween the ignorant and the learned consists
greatly in having ascertained how little is to
be known. Ah! but this difference is great
and worthy of all efforts to attain it. Those
who are truly learned perceive this difference
the more keenly. I do not mean those only
who are great in book-learning—learned in
great systems of high-sounding words, long
drawn sentences, and fine spun and intricate
theories. The ignorance of the learned in
such cases is often disgustingly bombastic.
But learned in the knowledge of ourselves—
in the training of our boisterous passions—
learned in the way and science of Life—in
walking humbly and doing justly—learned
in the great truth of the unity of human in-
terest, and in the doing to the others as we
would have others do to us. This it is that
enables us to see the difference between the
ignorant and the learned—between humility
and pompousness; and those who possess
this knowledge have an invaluable boon—a
key to the richest treasures of Life, and are
mighty in their meekness.

The advantages of an institution of learn-
ing like this one are not easily estimated.—
They can only be properly appreciated when
we are deprived of them. I have never met
with a School where there was so little of
selfish prejudice and so much of brotherly
feeling and true democracy. Some of its
finest advantages are the gaining of regular,
decisive habits of study—the correction of ir-
resolute habits of procrastination and the con-
centration of the thoughts upon particular ob-
jects of pursuit. To those of us who at times
seemed slow of perception and have with
difficulty kept pace with their comrades, I
would say, be not cast down. It is frequ-
ently an evidence of strength and originality of
mind that it is slow to understand, honestly
refuses to be filled with other men's ideas and
stubbornly demands satisfaction. It is rela-

ted of Liebig, the celebrated Chemist, that
when a boy he was repeatedly reprimanded
at school for his dullness and want of suc-
cess; and that upon one occasion when ask-
ed what he intended to become, he answered
a chemist; when the whole school burst out
in laughter and derision of the humble boy.
His great mind refused to be whipped into
the beaten path, but rather chose for itself a
path in which steadily to pursue its future
destiny. Be not discouraged then, but press
vigorously on. It is often said that those
who labor manually for support cannot find
time for self-culture. This is a poor excuse.
An earnest purpose finds time always or
makes time. It snatches up spare moments,
collects fragments, and turns the whole into
golden account. He who labors faithfully,
and applies his means economically, can
have abundance of time. Those who have
the most time generally make the least use
of it. Many of the most distinguished men
of learning of all countries, have been those
who have pursued knowledge under difficul-
ties. When there is a will there is a way.
The little "between whiles" usually thrown
away, when seized with avidity, and used
faithfully, will astonish with the results. It
is thus that men have acquired knowledge.

On behalf of the School I bid you now,
each and all, a last farewell. I cannot dis-
cuss to you my feelings on fulfilling this
sad duty. Now that we are about to sepa-
rate, I feel that the ties which bind us to-
gether are stronger than I had conceived.—
Oh! the happy hours I have spent in this
house. I can truly say that the past four
months have been among the happiest of my
life. Often, often when far away amidst new
and more boisterous scenes, my memory will
turn to it in fondness. The attachments I
have formed, and the feelings which have
grown with my growth, and strengthened
with my strength, are engraved upon my
memory in letters of gold, which not even
the stern old monster, Time, can destroy but
with my destruction.

Whatever troubles we may have had—
whatever little differences may have occurred
to mar our pleasures, and ruffle the smooth
current of our Seminary life, I feel that they
are now all forgotten in the kindest feelings
each for the other, and that we part now as
we have lived together as a band of brothers
and sisters with the sincerest regard and
most fervent hopes for each other's welfare in
the troubled journey of Life. I am confident
all my school-mates will join me in tender-
ing our hearty thanks to our beloved precep-
tor for his untiring efforts in our behalf. Con-
stant and unwearied from morn till night has
he labored for our welfare, ever ready as a
faithful guide to lead us helping up the hill
of Science.

I conjure you now, as a parting word, by
all that is desirable in life, to attend vigilantly
to the thousand little things that knock casu-
ally at the door of the heart and humbly
present themselves for attention. Do not
turn them away—they are the little faithful,
but despised monitors of the heart, and fair
and lovely harbingers of the good time com-
ing; do not postpone them in waiting for
greater things. The battle is not thus to be
fought. The enemy steals in by innumera-
blely unguarded passes. Do not neglect the
rivulets till they recoil appalled from the
accumulated might of waters, and you are
borne irresistibly down the sweeping current.
Who among us have been visited at times
by strange undisciplined thoughts, which
seemed too much for and almost over helmed
us for the time. I beseech you to attend
to such—give heed to the light which flits
across your own pathway. Be not ashamed
of your own thoughts. Do not dismiss a
great thought because it is yours. Dare to
doubt, to call in question, and to demand evi-
dence. Be not too proud to learn from the
humblest. "Look not mournfully into the
past," but press on hopefully to the end.—
Trust not too much to the approval of men,
but look home to your own conscience. Look
every man in the face—walk erect and drink
cheerfully of the blessings of Life. May in-
numerable beacon lights attend all your wan-
derings, and happiness crown your efforts;
one and all—FAREWELL.

Benjamin Franklin.

THE HOME OF HIS BOYHOOD.

The very description which follows of the
house which was the home of BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN'S boyhood, will be read with uni-
versal interest, not only in this country, but
throughout the civilized world. It is copied
from the Boston correspondence of the Na-
tional Anti-Slavery Standard.

There are few places yet left in Boston of
universal interest. I passed one of the chief-
est yesterday, in Hanover street, which I
suppose suggested the train of thought (if
such discursive ramblings deserve the name)
in this letter. Do you see that house at the
corner of Hanover and Union street, with a
gilt ball protruding from its corner, and di-
agonally into the street? It has no architec-
tural pretensions to arrest a passer-by. It is
a plain brick house of three stories, with
small windows, close together, and exceed-
ingly small panes of glass in them, the walls
of a dingy yellow. Yet it is a house swarm-
ing with associations interesting to well-nur-
tured minds throughout the civilized world.
Read the name upon the ball, and you will
get an inkling of my meaning—"JOSEPH
FRANKLIN, 1696." Yes, that is the very
roof under which Benjamin Franklin grew
up. He was not born there, but his father
removed thither when he was but six months
old, so that all his recollections of home must
have been connected with those walls. The
side of the house on Union street remains as

it was in the days of Franklin's boyhood;
but that on Hanover street has been shame-
fully treated. Nearly the whole front has
been cut out to make room for two monst-
rously disproportionate show-windows. And this
house, so full, as I have just said of associa-
tions, is fuller yet of bonnets! Yes, by the
head of the Prophet, of bonnets! It is a bon-
net warehouse, and from the inordinate win-
dows, aforesaid, bonnets of all hues and
shapes ogle you with sidelong glances, or
else stare you openly out of countenance,
while mountain-piles of band-boxes tower to
the ceiling of the upper story, eloquent like
Faith, of things unseen. Heaven forbid that
I should say anything in derogation of bon-
nets, any more than of the fair heads that
wear them, but I would that they had another
Repository.

It was my good fortune to go over the
house before it had undergone this metamor-
phosis. It was occupied, in part at least,
some eight or ten years ago, by a colored
man, of the name of Stewart, a dealer in old
clothes, who thought of buying the premises
and wanted my advice about it. I gladly
availed myself of the opportunity to view
them. The interior of the house was then,
I should judge, in the same condition that
it was when the worthy old soap-boiler and
that sturdy rebel, (in youth as in age,) his
world-renowned son lived there. There were
the very rooms in which the child-Franklin
played, the very stairs, up and down which
he romped, the very window-seats on which
he stood to look out into the street. The
shop on the street was unquestionably the
place where he used to cut wicks for the car-
dies, and fill the moulds, and wait upon the
customers. I pleased myself with imagining
which room it was in which his father sat,
patriarch-like, at his table, surrounded by his
thirteen children, all of whom "grew up to
years of maturity and were married." And
you may be sure I did not fail to take a peep
into the cellar where Poor Richard, in his
infantile economy of time, proposed to his
father that he should say good-bye to the whole
barrel of beef they were putting down, in the
lump, instead of over each piece in detail as
it came to the table—a proposition which
inclined the good brother of the Old South
Church to fear that his youngest hope was
given over to a reprobate mind, and was but
little better than one of the wicked.

And I would have given a trifle to know
which of the chambers it was that was Frank-
lin's own, where he educated himself, as it
were, by stealth—where he used to read
"Bunyan's works, in separate little vol-
umes,"—and "Barton's Historical Collec-
tions,"—small chapman's books, and cheap
forty volumes in all,—"and Plutarch's Lives
—not to mention "a book of De Foe's called
An Essay on Projects," and "Dr. Mather's,
called An Essay to do Good," and where, too,
his lamp, (or more probably his candle's
end,) was "set at midnight's hour," as he
sat up the greatest part of the night, de-
vouring the books which his friend, the book-
seller's apprentice, used to lend him over
night, out of the shop, to be returned the next
morning. How the rogue must have enjoyed
them! Seldom have literary pleasures been
relished with such a gusto as by that hungry
boy.

When I say "rogue," I use the term met-
aphorically, and not literally. I mean "no
scandal about Queen Elizabeth," nor do I al-
lude to any of the gossip of sixty years since.
But I shall never forget the shock given to
my early prejudices, and the bouleversement
of all my preconceived ideas at hearing, when
I was a boy, a very celebrated gentleman,
distinguished in the field and in the cabinet,
whose public life was mostly of the last cen-
tury, say in a careless manner, as if it were
the tittlest truisim in the world he was utter-
ing, "Wry, madam, you know Franklin
was an old rascal!" He added some specifi-
cations, which I do not now remember, but
the amount was, he had feathered his nest
well at the public expense. Franklin was
no saint in his private life, and he never pre-
tended to be one; but I believe it is now
pretty well understood that he was "indif-
ferent honest," as Hamlet says, in his pub-
lic life, and that Prince Posterity has dis-
missed the charges preferred by some of his
contemporaries against his political honesty.

It will not be many years before this mon-
ument of the most celebrated man that Bos-
ton, not to any America, ever produced, will
be demolished, and the place that knows it
will know it no more, unless something be
done to save it. It will be a burning shame
and a lasting disgrace to Boston, with all its
wealth and its pretensions to liberality, and
its affectation for reverence for its great men,
to suffer the most historical of its houses to
be destroyed, when the rise in real estate in
that neighborhood shall seal its doom. It is
a shame that it has been left so long to take
the chances of business! It should have
been bought years ago, and placed in the
hands of the Historical Society, or some other
permanent body, in trust, to be preserved
forever in its original condition. It is not too
late to restore it to something like its first
estate, and to save it from utter destruction.—
If it be not done, it will be a source of shame
and sorrow when it be too late.

The house in which Franklin was born has
been destroyed within this century, to the in-
finite discredit of the rich men of the "Lit-
erary Emporium of the New World"—as the
great Keen christened it, when it was in the
height of its delirium in the "Keen Fe-
ver." That house stood in Milk street, a lit-
tle below the Old South Church, on the op-
posite side of the way, and the spot is marked by
a "Furniture Warehouse," five stories high,
which forms a fitting pendant to the Bonnet
Warehouse in Hanover street. The printing
office of James Franklin, where Franklin
served his apprenticeship, where he used to
put his anonymous communications under
the door, where he used to study when the
rest were gone to dinner, and where he used
sometimes to get a flogging from his brother
—"perhaps I was too saucy and provok-
ing," as he candidly, and with great proba-
bility, says of himself.) James' printing
office was in Queen (now Court) street, nearly
opposite the Court-house, on the corner of
Franklin Avenue, which, if I am not mis-
taken, derives its name from this circum-
stance.

D. V.

VIRTUE.—The everlasting hills will crum-
ble to dust, but the influence of a good set
will never die. The earth will grow old and
perish, but virtue in the heart will be ever
green, and will flourish throughout eternity.
The moon and stars will grow dim, and the
sun roll from the heavens; but true and un-
defiled religion will grow brighter and bright-
er, and not cease to exist while God himself
shall live.